UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Associate Editors

Germany

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Can We Disarm on All Five Fronts?

By DEVERE ALLEN

Swan Song

By GEORGE H. YOUNG

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

(*Last of the Series*)

VOLUME CVIII NUMBER 6

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Contents

EDITORIAL— Page

Notes 83
Germany—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 85
Jottings—J. H. H 86

ARTICLES—

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book. X.—The End—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 87
Can We Disarm on All Five Fronts?—DEVERE ALLEN 90
Swan Song—GEORGE H. YOUNG 93

POETRY—

Glory to Them—*Anderson M. Scruggs* 83
Dragon's Breed—KENNETH W. PORTER 86
The Cluster of Eternal Life—LOUIS I. NEWMAN 89

THE STUDY TABLE—

New Books—FREDERICK STARR 94

THE FIELD—

Announcement of the International Good Will Congress in Chicago 82
Platform of Chicago Workers' Committee on Unemployment ... 96

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Announcement of the International Good Will Congress and the Sixteenth Annual Meeting

Chicago, Illinois
November 10, 11, 12, 1931

"International confidence cannot be builded upon fear—it must be builded upon goodwill. The whole history of the world is filled with chapters of the failure to secure peace through either competitive arms or intimidation. . . . We have a vast indirect interest in greater assurance of peace, order, and the increased economic prosperity of other nations. It is within the power of business men of the world to insist that this problem shall be met with sincerity, courage and constructive action. It is within the power of statesmen to give to the world a great assurance of the future and a great moral victory for humanity."

The President of the United States, International Chamber of Commerce Sessions, May, 1931.

The Theme

The entire program will be based upon the idea that the Kellogg-Briand Pact is a reality and that the further advances are to supplement that Pact. The gathering will also especially consider matters relating to the World Court and the Disarmament Conference.

Conference Welcomed to Chicago

The decision to hold the Sixteenth Annual Meeting of the World Alliance in Chicago in November of this year has met with the most enthusiastic response. Space will permit the printing of only a few of these cordial resolutions.

"The Chicago Association of Commerce, representing the civic, commercial, industrial and professional life of Chicago, extends an invitation to the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, to meet here in 1931. It is our privilege to offer you every channel for realizing your plans for a really successful convention." — Chicago Chamber of Commerce.

"At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Chicago Church Federation held on Tuesday, February 3, it was moved, seconded, and carried unanimously that the Chicago Church Federation join in sending an invitation to the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches to hold its Annual Conference in Chicago this fall."—Chicago Church Federation.

"It is a great pleasure for me indeed to send to you the sense of our preliminary meeting in Chicago held last Thursday, February 5th, at the Union League Club.

"The World Alliance for International Friendship Through the

(*Continued on page* 95)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CVIII MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1931 Number 6

GLORY TO THEM

Glory to them, the toilers of the earth,
Who wrought with knotted hands, in wood and stone,
Dreams their unlettered minds could not give birth
And symmetries their souls had never known.
Glory to them, the artisans, who spread
Cathedrals like brown lace before the sun,
Who could not build a rhyme, but reared instead
The Doric grandeur of the Parthenon.

I never cross a marble portico,
Or lift my eyes where stained glass windows steal
From virgin sunlight moods of deeper glow,
Or walk dream-peopled streets, except to feel
A hush of reverence for that vast dead
Who gave us beauty for a crust of bread.

—Anderson M. Scruggs.

What will be the outcome of the English election? No man knows! Commonites and Lords are all at sea. Newspaper correspondents load the cables with strange jumbles of weird surmises and wild speculations. Anything may happen, and, in such cases, usually does. The fact of the matter is, of course, that Mr. MacDonald's proceedings in recent weeks, totally failing to save the English pound and thus the finances of the realm, have gloriously succeeded in wrecking politics, ruining his own party, giving the final *coup de grace* to the Liberals, and opening the way to the triumph of every reactionary policy, the tariff and others, which the best minds of Britain have been battling for a generation. And there are people who call J. Ramsay MacDonald a great statesman! He may be a good man, an unselfish man, a brave man—we think he is! But a statesman, perhaps unhappily, is judged only by what he *accomplishes*. The test to which he must bow is the pragmatic test—the test of results. And when we see the havoc which MacDonald has wrought, not merely among his own followers, but in the kingdom at large, and with no result at all, so far as his main objective is concerned, we say that no statesman of our time since Wilson has failed so terribly and so alone. It is our hope, of course, that the Labor Party, sorely wounded by its own leaders, will triumph in this approaching election—that the people will rally to its banners in repudiation of those who would make the poor, by tariff and other taxes, bear the burden of the day. It is our hope, also, that the left wing of the Labor Party will gather strength to oust the hard-shelled and tired veterans of the Henderson type who now lead its ranks, and thus take over the control of the only political organization in the kingdom which offers hope for Britain and for the world. But hopes are only less vain than prophecies. We can only wait for the outcome of the most confused and savage election which England has known since the days of the Reform Bill a century ago.

Some indication of where our hard times come from was given in the recent report of the Department of Commerce on exports and imports for the last fiscal year ending June 30th. Thus, the United States suffered a loss in this twelve-month period of $5,516,000,000 in its foreign trade. Of this amount, $3,084,000,000 represents the decline from the previous year in the value of exports, and $2,432,000,000 the decline in the value of imports. It is to be noted that the fall in prices is only partly accountable for this decline, since the volume of exports decreased 22 percent and the volume of imports 17 percent as compared with the corresponding volumes of 1929-1930. We hope that our isolationist friends will make due note of these figures, which shed a fairly startling light on the question of living outside the world and letting mankind go hang. When our shipments of goods to Europe decrease 30 percent in a single year, as this report states, the condition of European peoples must have something to do with the phenomena. Our tariff experts might also study these figures to advantage, for it is inconceivable that our fine new tariff has not played its effective, if unlovely, part in smashing up our trade relations with our neighbors. And what about Russia? This report tells us that the loss in sales to Russia was 14 percent. This was less than the loss in sales to any other country—thanks to America's part in the Russian Five-Year Plan. But, with Russia buying feverishly in foreign markets, why should there have been any loss at all? And would not recognition have gone a long way toward preventing this loss, even in such a year as 1930-1931. Here's food for thought—and food not altogether palatable!

Having demonstrated right up to the hilt that high wages were the secret of perpetual prosperity, we are now proceeding to cut wages right and left, and still prophesying that good times will soon be back.

It might be just as well, all things considered, to make up our minds one way or another about this wage business. And the quickest and surest way to do this, if we be wise, is to learn that neither high wages nor low wages, judged exclusively by themselves, constitute the core of the problem. Wages two years ago were not high in relation to the total amount of wealth that was being produced at that time, neither are wages today really low in relation to the greatly reduced total of wealth now being produced. What we have in either case is labor getting only that small proportion of the national income which it can extort by hook or crook from the greedy owners of capital, and all the rest of this income, untold millions of dollars, passing into the hands of these same owners who constitute so small a fraction of the population. This marks a failure in distribution—and, until this failure is remedied, periods of depression and disaster such as this from which we are now suffering are bound constantly to recur. For there can be no consumption adequate to match production unless those who produce themselves receive the full income from their labor. A few hundred millionaires can spend so much on necessities and luxuries, and then their buying capacity is at an end. They can do nothing with their unspent and unspendable surplus of income but pour it into the stock market, or turn it back into production, in which case we have mad speculation on the one hand, and speedy saturation on the other. But suppose that the income of the nation was not monopolized by the few, but distributed to the many! Suppose that the incalculable millions of Rockefeller, Mellon et al. went not to a hundred individuals but to a hundred million individuals! Then we would have a universal buying capacity which would be practically inexhaustible. Not wages, raised a little now and then, but a sharing of income by all! This is the secret.

To think that Bryan is dead and in his grave! Where is justice, fairness, the square deal, that "the silver-tongued orator of the Platte" should not be living to see this day? England off the gold standard! Norway and Sweden throwing the gold standard into the dust bin! Denmark turning to silver or any other monetary standard which will keep her business going! Economists and statesmen declaring for bi-metallism, with silver raised to a parity with gold! It seems like turning back the hands of the clock to be debating gold and silver again. We have always had the idea that this question was settled for good and all in 1896, when we demonstrated by the due casting of ballots in a presidential election that the gold standard was the basis of all prosperity, and any doubting of its sanctity a madness of the first order. But here we are with gold not only keeping us afloat, but dragging us down into the flood of economic ruin! So we cast it away, like the sailor his money-belt, in a desperate endeavor to keep our heads above water. What it all means, we do not pretend to know. If there is anybody who knows the whys and wherefores of the present situation, we should like to be told where he is. All we see clearly is the hilarious spectacle of the bankers and industrialists and politicians of the world all applauding a fiscal policy which a generation ago they were denouncing not only as unwise but also as immoral, since it involved a repudiation of solemn credit obligations. Bryan lived too soon, or else did not live long enough. But somewhere in this cosmic empyrean, the Nebraskan must be sitting these days, very well content, in the whole, with the turn of events in mundane affairs. "Thou shalt not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. Thou shalt not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." Amen, say all the respectables of our time. And straightway we abandon gold as the only means of saving our society from dissolution. Great indeed are the revenges of time!

Scarcely had the above editorial been written, when President Hoover announced his $500,000,000 revolving fund, bank guarantee plan. O, Bryan, Bryan, thou shouldst be living at this hour! How well we remember your plea, back in the dark ages of our politics, for the protection of bank deposits by the state. This plea always seemed to us rational and righteous—that the depositor gave his money in good faith to an institution chartered and inspected by the state, and that, if anything went wrong, the state and not the depositor should bear the loss! But men laughed at you in those days, Bryan. Taught by the wise men of Wall Street, and by the so-called statesmen whom they bought and paid for, we believed you were an ignoramus in finance and a fanatic on general principles. But now times are desperate. Banks are disappearing so fast that the powers that be are alarmed lest the people get mad and take things into their own hands. And, lo and behold, under the lead of the Republican president, they turn to your grave, William Jennings, and rob it of one of your pet ideas. Of course they don't call this grandiose gesture of Mr. Hoover's the guaranteeing of bank deposits. O, no—it would never do to confess any such thing as this! People might remember that this was your proposal, Bryan, in days before the flood. So, as usual, they hide their action in a cloud of meaningless words, nicely calculated to keep the truth from too careful scrutiny and too definite understanding. But the facts are clear. In the matter of this national bank fund, exactly as in the matter of the gold standard, men are turning back to you and following your lead. O, Bryan, Bryan, what gross injustice we have done you! We never thought you a great man, but, in the light of current events, we are almost tempted to believe you were the greatest ever.

We always regarded Daniel Chester French, dead on October 7th last, as a great sculptor. This judgment is of course heresy to the younger generation, in whose eyes sculpture began with Rodin and his immediate successors. For French was frankly and unashamedly a classicist, and refused to have anything to do with the hideous grotesqueries which mark not the development but the degeneracy of the Rodin school of art. French had vigor and idealism—note his "Minute Man" in Concord, done when he was a young man in his early twenties! He had imagination, as witness his superb "Death and the Sculptor." His "Memory," in the Metropolitan Art Museum, has mystic qualities of a high order. His bust of Emerson and his statue of Lincoln in the National Memorial in Washington show a power of portraiture which was remarkable. But these great gifts, like the gifts of every true artist, were not left to work their will slap-dash upon the clay. French had no silly illusions about "native genius," and "self-expression," and other artistic fads and follies of our time. He disciplined his genius by labor, sacrifice, and study, and by a loyal reverence for the classic models which kept him in the line of the great tradition. His achievements revealed no signs of satisfaction or of pride, but always the devout striving after higher things. A lesser man might well have paused in the memorable moment of his acclaim at the World's Fair in 1893, but French went on in toil and aspiration, doing ever nobler sculptures as the years passed by. He died in an honored and beloved old age—and his dreams in stone and bronze are his perpetual memorial.

Germany

It has been something of a disaster that excitements in England in recent weeks have tended to turn our attention from Germany. When we left Germany, in late August, the one fear of the people seemed to be that they were going to be forgotten. The Hoover moratorium had settled everything, in the world's opinion, and further worry was needless! But the Hoover moratorium, excellent as it was, did not settle everything. In the first place, it came late; in the second place, most of its efficacy was dissipated and lost by French procrastination; in the third place, the situation in Germany is too serious to be met by any mere suspension of reparation payments for a single year. Germany's plight is still with us. And as Germany is the keystone in the European arch, it may be well to watch her condition.

Recent events lend emphasis to these remarks. In anticipation of the meeting of the Reichstag, the Bruening cabinet was reorganized and clothed with dictatorial powers. This action of President von Hindenburg brings inevitably to mind the prophecy made to us in Berlin by one of the best-informed observers in that capital. The next crisis in German affairs, this man said, in effect, will come in October with the meeting of the Reichstag. Bruening's cabinet will fall. Then, either a dictatorship will be established in accordance with the Weimar Constitution, or else the National Socialists, the Hitlerites, will capture the republic and use it for their own partisan purposes. It is evidently in an endeavor to forestall, or altogether prevent, the latter contingency, that the President has resorted to the former even before the Reichstag came together. What will happen with the assembling of the national parliament, we dare not forecast. The question will in all probability be answered before this editorial is read. But whatever happens will be desperate measures to meet a desperate situation.

For Germany is on the abyss, or even actually slipping in. On the economic side, we see prostrate business, the steadily mounting tide of unemployment, the losing struggle of the laboring and middle classes to maintain accepted standards of life, the failure of a governmental income adequate to maintain domestic obligations (primarily the unemployment insurance payments), and the menace of foreign credits soon falling due which cannot be met. On the psychological side, we see a people resentful against the injustices of the Versailles Treaty, restless under the burden of the losing struggle for existence, desperate and despairing at the lowering uncertainties of the future. Especially is there now appearing a younger generation who had nothing to do with the War, and who see no reason why they should be borne down all their lives by the disabilities of the War as laid on the German population. These young people are rapidly pouring into the Communist Party to the left or into the National Socialist (Hitlerite) Party to the right. More than fifty percent of the university students in Germany today, so we were told this summer, are followers of Hitler! The German people, young as well as old, are a disciplined people. They are patient and orderly beyond all peoples we have ever seen. But there is a limit to human nature, even in Germany. What is happening in that country is that *the number of those who no longer have any stake in the maintenance of the existing order is rapidly increasing.* It is when that number gets to be a majority of the whole population that revolution comes.

The immediate danger in Germany, as we see it, is the Hitlerites, who are said to number no less than 10,000,000 men and women. These National Socialists are arrogantly nationalistic, belligerently militaristic, bitterly anti-Semitic. Worst of all, they hate the republic for the War obligations it has assumed, and

promise to repudiate these obligations and establish a Fascist regime altogether outside the constitution. The Communists, by comparison, are dangerous only as violent opponents of the Hitlerites. As a group they are not numerous enough to threaten any immediate capture of power, and as followers of Moscow they are under restraint as against any precipitate outbreak of revolutionary action. The Soviets are too much concerned about the fate of their Five-Year Plan to want any interruptions or distractions at the present moment! But a Communist revolt against a Fascist dictatorship is by no means outside the bounds of possibility. Contention between these two wings of German politics might easily bring civil war and chaos.

The challenge of the hour is for action—action in relief of Germany's present plight. The lifting of reparations, the cancellation of war-debts, disarmament, a European customs union, revision of the Versailles Treaty, these are some of the things that must be done. America, more than any other nation, has the power, the opportunity, and therefore the responsibility, to lead the way. Is there statesmanship in Washington adequate to the need of such an hour?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

The announcement that the late Hall Caine left behind him a 3,000,000 word manuscript of a biography of Jesus calls to mind the story of the theological student who wrote of a certain New Testament episode—"The Gospel writers have little to say of this episode, but full particulars can be found in Dean Farrar's 'Life of Christ.'"

A discovery, trumpeted in the excitable *Atlantic Monthly,* that Shakespeare knew "Justice Shallow," is described as adding to our knowledge of the bard something impressively important. Such nonsense convinces us not that we know something about Shakespeare, but that our ignorance is exactly proportionate to our loud shouting over petty things.

South Wales, in Great Britain, has a serious problem of "juvenile unemployment." All we can think of, in connection with this announcement, is that if this problem of juvenile unemployment were only more serious still, the problem of adult unemployment might thereby be made considerably less serious.

"There is a flood of demoralizing screen stuff coming from the States at present, a Niagara of scum which deserves a barricade, a dam as strong and firm as we can make against it. How America can permit these contemptible pictures of her youth and her society to be distributed over the civilized world passes my understanding."—The *Sunday Times,* London (England).

Not only yours, but all human understanding!

Some of us who collect autograph letters of the great and good and otherwise are always interested to note on old letters the absence of all stamps or other paraphernalia of our present mailing system. This fact is now brought to mind by the celebration this coming year (1932) of the one hundredth anniversary of the postage stamp, introduced into England in 1832 by Rowland Hill. How young our modern world is!

Mayor Walker, of New York, has declared again that "New York is the cleanest city in the world." Is this the reason, or one of the reasons, why "Jimmie" travels abroad so much?

J. H. H.

Dragon's Breed

[An address to the murderous millowners: dedicated to all class-conscious Southern strikers by the grandson of a Union veteran.]

It is too much to hope you will learn ruth.
Nevertheless I warn you of this truth:
Each shot you fire will prove a dragon's tooth,

A seed well-planted in a fertile soil—
Bodies and minds ploughed deep by brutish toil—
To breed a hydra, lashing coil on coil.

These are no stooped and cringing old-world helots,
But children of those brave wrong-headed zealots
Who fought with Lee and Jackson; your lead pellets

Will only sting to madness. Do not feel
Surprised, then, if with hot lead and cold steel
They strike a blow to make your empire reel.

In cabin homes, on hills as stern as Tabor,
Of these whom you would make the slaves of labor,
The clean gun hung beside the rusty sabre.

As once they fought beneath the Southern bars
So may they fling the red flag to the stars
And battling thus for justice, smooth the scars

Of their unknowing war against the right
Of blacks to freedom, by their final fight
To bring to all mankind her healing light.

"We know our business," doubtless you'll attest.
But your hired thugs will serve their masters best
If each one sends a shot through his own breast.

KENNETH W. PORTER.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

X. The End

It is high time that these Items were finished. Since coming out of Russia my traveling has been fast and far—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Switzerland, Germany once more, Holland, France, and back again to England! In this last month of days I have had experiences more eventful than any of those recorded in my previous articles. Thus, I have visited the home of Romain Rolland, spent a day and a night at Haus Doorn as the guest of the Kaiser, and seen and heard and met and talked with Mahatma Gandhi here in London. In Germany I watched again the disintegration of a great nation; in Holland I met a prosperous and happy people caught to their utter bewilderment in the financial doom of this chaotic age; in France I beheld the arrogance of an intransigeant government which proposes to rule and ruin; in England I saw the collapse of the proudest democracy and the strongest fabric of industry in modern times, and the desperate endeavor of a frightened public to save itself from utter and complete catastrophe. Here is material not merely for articles, but for a book, or series of books. But it is too late now to travel back, even in reminiscence, over this ground. My allotted time for European travel has all but gone, and I must turn my mind to other things. But it is proper that I should bring these diary chapters to some kind of a close. So I jot down here some significant features of these last days, write "finis," and hurry on.

I

The Polish border was an unforgettable sight. As we sped through the last few miles of Russian territory from Minsk westward, we saw the Red soldiers on watchful guard. Then came the frontier, marked by a high, rusty entanglement of barbed wire running like an ugly fence left and right of the railroad track as far as the eye could see to either horizon. Russian and Polish sentinels were posted at intervals on either side of this barrier. The frontier stations were more military posts than customs offices. Both countries at this point of contact are ready for the next war.

But the line of separation between Russia and Poland is more than a wire entanglement and watching soldiers. It is a matter also of atmosphere, environment, character. One step across an imaginary mark upon a map, and cleanliness takes the place of dirt, sanitation the place of filth, and good food the place of vile. One marvels that the change can be so immediate and great. Poland has evidently strained every nerve, and used liberal portions of her French loans, to make herself over into the likeness of her western neighbors, and thus to signalize her emancipation from the Russia which in tsarist days held her in such cruel bondage. The result is admirable in many ways—a quick change operated from the top down. But what about the ultimate outcome? We thought of this as, immediately after crossing the frontier, we noticed the disappearance of the far-flung cooperative farms of Russia with their new machinery, their wholesale cultivation, and their extensive harvests, and in their place saw the little individual Polish farms with primitive equipment and meager crops. We thought of it again as we encountered unemployment, which we had quite forgotten in Russia—and the extremes of wealth and poverty. The Soviets may be still far behind in those standards of common life which make so much for physical comfort and personal ease, but they have leaped far ahead in their deliberate organization of a collectivized, or socialized, Utopia of the future.

The big surprise in Poland, however, was Warsaw. My knowledge of the city was limited to a boyhood reading of Jane Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw." But I had always imagined, in a dim sort of way, that the historic Polish capital was an ancient and rather squalid city of the eastern Russian type. I expected to see dingy buildings, narrow and dirty streets, a loathsome ghetto, cobble-stone pavements, and so on. What was my surprise to discover broad avenues, handsome squares and parks, splendid palaces and museums, modern banks, attractive shops—a general appearance which reminded me irresistibly of Brussels, or even Paris on a much smaller scale. All of this could not have been done in a dozen years. Much more than the royal palace showed the direct influence of Versailles, Louis XIV, and the Europe of the 18th century. After all, Poland was never an integral part of Russia—always occidental and not oriental. It was here that, again and again, the waves of invasion from the steppes were stayed.

But what future has Poland? The base underling of France, dominated by a cruel dictatorship, militarized to the core, eaten up with anti-Semitism, poisoned with hatred of Russia to the east and of Germany to the west, above all, caught in the political and economic doom which rests upon our capitalistic world, and its dread premonitory signs of debt, industrial depression, and increasing unemployment—it is as difficult to believe in this country as to love it. Reborn into the modern world in the spirit of narrowest chauvinism, would not the land have been better off in the end had she cast in her destiny with Russia? I can imagine that, in this case, tourists might not today be so happy as they journey westward across the Polish plains, but I can also imagine that the children of Poland might well be much happier than they now seem likely to be in days not far ahead.

II

Vienna is still a dream of beauty. It is today a sad beauty, like that of a chilling autumn day, with the golden haze resting upon a landscape once gorgeous with the exuberance of summer. I was too ill, however, to enjoy it even sadly. For Russia had "got me," and I was paying the price of adventure with a rebellious stomach, and the waste of chills and fevers. But the visit to this lovely city was made forever memorable by the morning I visited the municipal houses built for and occupied by the workers.

There is nothing in Europe to compare with this housing achievement of a Socialist government handicapped by bankruptcy and a hostile Centerist government in the nation, and armed only with courage and a faithful vision of what Socialism in control of government should do for the people. Russia, even in her sacred and really stupendous Five-Year Plan,

contemplates no such accomplishment as Vienna already has to its credit.

We visited the Karl Marx Haus, which stretches for blocks, and extends through from street to street. Built on the design of an enormous enclosed quadrangle, the actual building occupies only a minor portion of the ground area, all the rest of the land being given over to park and playground. Every apartment, of course, has a frontage outward, either on the street or on the park, and thus is given unobstructed access to the light and air. Built by the city and owned by the city, the house is organized as a unit, and directed, just as a small town might be directed, by an executive and council elected by the residents. All complaints come before this committee for settlement. Rules and regulations are well established, and rigorous standards of cleanliness and order scrupulously maintained.

Rents in these municipal houses are so low as to be fantastic, almost ridiculous. The four-room apartment we visited and inspected rented for the amazing sum of $3.50 per month. This sum included light, weekly use of a laundry equipped with all the latest washing devices, playgrounds and kindergartens for the children, social rooms and an entertainment hall for the adults, moving pictures, radio, etc. The low rentals are made possible by the scheme of financing. The land, belonging to the city, burdens the undertaking with no taxes. The buildings, *paid for as erected out of the city budget,* carry no mortgages, no interest charges on bond issues, etc. The administration, reduced to a minimum and largely voluntary, costs an absurdly small sum. The only considerable obligation is that of upkeep—and this is more than covered by rentals averaging less than a dollar per week.

Municipal housing, like state railways, is a commonplace in Europe. Cities build houses in which the people live, exactly as they build streets in which the people walk. The idea that housing should be left to individual enterprise—and exploited for individual profit!—seems as preposterous to the modern European as slavery or infanticide. Socialist or not, the continent has simply civilized itself out of the stage of barbarism in which one man's home can be made the source of another man's income. But in no country has municipal housing been carried so far, or made so beautiful in its wealth of social uses, as in Viennese Austria. This ancient capital of a destroyed empire, itself wrestling with ruin and decay, has in this field given us the vision fulfiled of the new and better day. If Vienna dies, it will have made its closing chapter the most glorious in its long story. But can such a story die? As I walked the corridors of the Karl Marx Haus, I could not believe so. And in the memory of that Haus, I do not believe so now.

III

After two days in Vienna, I fled to Switzerland —to rest, and to find some clean, wholesome food which my stomach could carry. Swiftly I journeyed through Innsbruck, Zurich, Lausanne, to Montreux, where on the shore of Lake Geneva, two miles from the Castle of Chillon, I found my refuge. There was nothing to do here but sit on my little terrace, morning and evening, and watch the changing shadows on the deep blue water and the towering snow-clad mountains on the opposite shore; or bask in the sunshine by the lapping waves, and feed the stately swans; or stroll through the town and gaze into the shops; or walk to Chillon, and see where Byron's prisoner wasted away by his dungeon pillar; or, on one happy day, journey to Villeneuve, and see Romain Rolland's study, his books and music-scores and writing-desk, and sip tea with his hospitable sister, Madeleine, doing so much to compensate for the absence of the master himself. But these were just the things for a sick and tired man to do—especially when there were long sleeps in the quiet nights of starlight and mountain air, or fresh rain tumbling from the near ranges of the Alps.

Everything was lovely and healing in Montreux except the people. These were innocent enough, I have no doubt—society women and sporting men! But how curious they looked in their gorgeous raiment, and how silly they looked with their monocles and lap-dogs and golf-bags, and how outrageous they looked in their idleness and ease, after my three weeks in a country where all men and women were workers, hurrying to their tasks, and dressed for the labors of the day. It is difficult to describe the shock one receives upon coming to a European summer resort straight out of Moscow. It is like a plunge from hot water into cold. In the beginning it embittered me. I could hate these idle devotees of luxury, and discovered in my breast the secret as to why men throw bombs. Yet these people were only the product of their time and place. I myself—God help me—was for the moment one of them. And then came sudden comfort in the thought that in Russia the workers are given ample vacations, and many of them spend their workless days in the former villas and gardens of the dispossessed on the shores of the Black Sea. It is not idleness and ease, spent in the beautiful environments of sea and lake and mountain, that are wrong. Even in a workers' republic men must rest and should play. No!—the criminal thing is the perpetual idleness and ease of a few bought at the expense of the perpetual labor of the many, the wanton waste of wealth on silly luxury and wild display, the whole fixation of a social mind in smug content on worthless things. It is these depraved habits of thought and conduct which must go, as they have already gone in Russia.

IV

After six days in Montreux, I crossed the border at Basle, and returned to Germany. The country was as lovely as ever, the cities as spacious and attractive, the people as calm. But I soon found that the Hoover moratorium had changed nothing. It had simply granted momentary relief from a strain which in early August had become unbearable. But the fundamental factors in the German situation remained the same. The strain, relaxed for a few months, would return in the first weeks of the winter, and sooner or later bring the break which would mark the collapse of capitalistic Europe. Used to everything, the German people are ready for anything. Even the increase of unemployment by 118,000 in a single month, announced while I was in Berlin, did not seem to disturb them. Of course unemployment was increasing, credit was gone, revolution was on the way! As the inhabitants of Belize, in Honduras the other day, waited grim-lipped for the onslaught of the tornado which they saw blackening the distant horizon, so the people of Germany sit today, serene and tautly

still, waiting the storm which they see gathering all about them.

I talked with many people in this second visit to Berlin—people of different shades of opinions, natives and foreigners, workers and professional men—and I found not one competent mind which saw any hope of Germany's getting through the winter without disaster. England, which might have saved Germany once, was now herself fighting desperately to ward off ruin. America, still able to work the miracle, perhaps, is too far away to know, too self-centered and isolated to care, and now is so absorbed in her own amazing distress as to be unconscious of others' misery. France of course could help—a Franco-German alliance, or even *raprochement,* would save everything. But who can expect anything from France but stupidity, pride, and the cruelty that springs from fear? No, Germany's situation is hopeless—and so is Europe's. Capitalism is breaking up. Not once only this summer, but again and yet again, I heard the cracking of a structure soon doomed to fall.

V

But I could not wait to watch the dire progress of events. My term of stay in Europe was drawing to a close, and I must hurry on. Especially as the newspapers had announced the sailing of Gandhi from India, and I had a letter from the Mahatma in my pocket stating that he must see me in London if he came! What else was there of any interest in all the world, now that my long-cherished dream of meeting Gandhi was coming true?

So I hastened into Holland, where to be sure one more exciting experience was still left me in my visit with Kaiser Wilhelm at Doorn. Expecting only to take breakfast with his majesty, I was invited to stay to luncheon, then to dinner, and at last to spend the evening and the night. My stay at Haus Doorn was just a few minutes short of a full twenty-four hours. I ate with the Kaiser and his family, drove with him and walked far through heather-strewn fields all brightly purple in the waning sun, spent a long evening with him in lively converse on many things, and just before my departure joined with the household in morning prayers. The Kaiser proved to be the most gracious of hosts, and the freest and frankest of talkers. Never have I heard more brilliant conversation longer sustained on a wider variety of subjects. My chief interest, of course, was in the question of war-guilt—and how fascinating it was to hear one of the chief actors in the world's most tragic drama telling his story of what happened! The Kaiser's memory was clear, his convictions sure, his knowledge of documents and later war literature amazing in its range and accuracy. Whatever my doubts or dissents, this testimony was invaluable, and the revelation of personality a floodlight cast on the men and events of the pre-war era.

It was early morning when the Kaiser's car bore me swiftly along the smooth Dutch roads, between long corridors of trees, to Utrecht. All the church towers were ringing as we swung smartly into the station, and I boarded my train for Amsterdam. It was a delightful journey, past windmills and cottages, herds of grazing cattle, busy little towns, until at last there came the ships and the canals of Holland's greatest seaport. Here I remained two days, seeing much, and wondering always where the Dutch got their reputation for cleanliness. Surely I have not seen so dirty a city as this since I left my own garbage-strewn and paper-littered city of New York. The same was true of the Hague—charming town, but only less dirty than Amsterdam! Was this because it was the Queen's birthday, and crowds were in the streets making holiday? But how so if the people were clean and therefore given to clean habits? No, this dirt was not the dirt of the festival, though plenty of half-consumed fruit and torn festoons were in the gutters. Much of it was old, just as the stench of the canals was "an ancient and fish-like smell," and also something more beside. "Dutch cleanliness" seemed to me to be a myth. Even the art galleries were dusty and begrimed, like the Louvre in Paris, instead of being bright, like the National Gallery in London.

VI

Paris gripped me, as always, with her beauty. I could have stayed there indefinitely with much content, in spite of the rain which poured down every day.

But Gandhi was nearing shore. I must cross to London, to be ready for his arrival. A swift train journey to Calais, an ideal crossing of the Channel in bright sunshine and a smashing breeze, a few days under the shadow of Westminster—and then the Saturday when Gandhi was in England, and I was in his presence! Some day in these columns I shall tell of this meeting with the Mahatma. Last night, after six days, I bade him good-bye. Now I am in Southampton, waiting to board my ship for home. And always, as I sit here, I am saying to myself the ancient words of Simeon—

> Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. . . . For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Southampton, England.

The Cluster of Eternal Life

The soul of man is bound within
The cluster of eternal life.
His spirit is to Spirit kin
Wherewith our universe is rife.
From out eternity we come;
Within eternity we move;
Eternity becomes our home,
When Got our inmost heart would prove.

Immortal place we gain on high,
When we remembrance win on earth;
If man forgets, God's Seeing Eye
Remarks the humblest being's worth.
Our influence for weal or woe
Is stamped upon eternity;
Reward or punishment must flow
In answer to the Lord's decree.

Undying life is ours through love,
That makes the generations one;
It links the soul with God above,
When mortal years below are done.
Within the bundle of all life,
Where God sees each amid the whole,
He gives and makes and rules our strife,
And twines for aye our deathless soul.

LOUIS I. NEWMAN

Can We Disarm on All Five Fronts?

We have talked so long about war as a method of settling disputes, that its real character has often been quite unperceived. It is a thousand times more complicated than this simple view implies. It has crept so subtly into the laws of society, both in international and national affairs, that it can never be rooted out by speedy or by any single means. Its acceptability as a political weapon still captivates traditional minds. From the toys of children up to the romantic imaginations of armchair campaigners, it colors the mental outlook of the masses. And so profoundly are its conceptions enwrapped in the business world that "trade war" and a multitude of similar terms have long been commonplaces.

For these reasons, European peace workers sometimes complain that our attitudes on our side of the Atlantic appear to their eyes not a little juvenile. Our zest and passion for peace, as manifested by our peace organizations and by the religious and liberal press, are whole heartedly admired; but we are regarded by many friendly observers as unrealistic, unaware of the tremendous complex of forces which must be conquered if world peace is to be won. More particularly are we credited with a disposition to put all our eggs in one basket, so to speak, concentrating on one clear and simple issue, doing one thing at a time, when, in fact, no progress can come unless we make advances simultaneously on several fronts. Like people watching a prestidigitator, our eyes are frequently drawn off to the contemplation of comparatively insignificant details, while the real factors involved are escaping our attention.

If there is any truth in this analysis, we ought to face it. Much truth I think there is. Without in the least discouraging the spendid efforts for a successful outcome at the pending Disarmament Conference in February, to concentrate exclusively on that, and to bring pressure at Geneva solely for a disarmament of troops and ships and weapons, would miss the points at issue and leave our condition little bettered if at all.

It is characteristic of all depressions, and indeed all periods of extraordinary social maladjustment, that the deep-lying social changes that are going on are hardly realized by the people as a whole. We are living in a time of revolution, not simply of transition. Whether we escape war as a concomitant, depends upon our ability to mobilize our brains for the development of policies and programs capable of rapid and large-scale readjustments without the outbreak of violence over huge areas. To talk of disarmament at such a time and to mean by it only the reduction of fighting forces and implements by some ten or twenty-five percent, is not to use the intelligence of mankind to good advantage. If we can do no better than this, we are already beaten, and deservedly.

Disarmament is essential, mandatory, if well-nigh suicidal disaster is to be averted. But the only disarmament that will count in time and count with sufficient pressure, will be a thorough-going and all-embracing disarmament, involving all the various menaces to peace in all the war-producing sectors of our social order. Not on one front only, but on five fronts must we work and win disarmament.

If I were to list these in a scale of ascending importance, at least at this particular time, I should arrange them thus: legalistic disarmament; political disarmament; psychological disarmament; economic disarmament; and disarmament of man-power. Any separation of these, one from the other, is after all not a little academic, for their relative importance will always vary in special circumstances.

1. *Legalistic disarmament.* Most of our progress in the past thirteen years has been in this field. Despite the harm done by over zealous friends of the Kellogg Pact in claiming more for it than could possibly be supported by facts, and in asserting that it had outlawed all war, its adoption was a step of impressive portent. In future crises, it can be invoked to direct world opinion against a nation which deliberately attempts to flout its obligations to discover peaceful means of satisfying conflicting interests and making non-violent readjustments.

Similarly, the League of Nations has a way of coming back after its lapses from grace. The adhesion of Mexico is a case in point. The surge of large powers to sign the clause of the World Court which provides for obligatory jurisdiction was a triumph. Slowly, too, but steadily, the whole body of international law is being examined by experts bent on extricating it from the war influences which have dominated its interpretations in the past.

Nevertheless, no true estimate of legalistic progress for peace could leave out of account the decline in prestige of the League in the last three years; its recent Assembly reached the lowest point in moral influence that has yet been struck since its inception. There is much justification for the claim that France now "owns" the League. Likewise, the decision of the World Court on the Austro-German customs union, made obviously on political lines with scant regard to law but with keen alertness for credits and nationalistic viewpoints, has set it back markedly in world esteem. Again, one is forcibly reminded of how far we have yet to go by noting that in almost no discussions of practical affairs is the Kellogg Pact even mentioned as being in existence, let alone as having any powerful effect on policy. It may well be that by the time this article is read, the world will have rallied to bring the Pact's significance to bear on the Manchurian crisis. But as I write, four days have gone by, and I have searched the press reports from Geneva in six leading British dailies without discovering a single reference to the Pact. This is indubitably in some measure due to the absence of the nation in which the Kellogg Treaty was rounded out in its final acceptable form. It is not remarkable that some of the earnest men and women who labor patiently at Geneva trying to bring statesmen up to higher standards of international conduct, and looking across at our obstinate isolationism, grow weary and discouraged.

2. *Political disarmament.* Any genuine disarmament in politics would mean the cessation, in actuality as well as in words, of efforts to secure special advantage at the expense of other countries. The greatest contribution ever made in this direction, probably, may be attributed to the recent Labor Government of Great Britain. It brought a new aim and a new spirit into international negotiation. In previous articles I have dwelt sufficiently upon the dangers involved in the resort to policies designed to keep normally flexible mat-

ters in a condition of fixed stability. Only by a speedy change to a truly international outlook, including a surrender of sovereignty at critical points, can anything like political disarmament be accomplished. In this direction we have thus far made almost no headway; whatever the nations say on paper, policy is still for the most part an instrument for national gain or the defense of special interest. The Hoover moratorium was a move in the right direction, but its first effects have already been largely dissipated by France's attitude and the subsequent collapse of world finance, and to be of adequate use it will have to go infinitely further.

3. *Psychological disarmament.* Movements of international credits and finance are, as a rule, utterly incomprehensible to the masses everywhere. Yet one lesson is being learned by people all over the world, and finds reflection in ordinary conversation, the press, and even in the very nervousness with which distress in one quarter is now regarded everywhere else. Definitely gone are the days when an ebullient amateur speculator gambling on margin in Oshkosh, Indiana, went on his blithe and optimistic way unmindful of the deprivation suffered by Austrians or English. Painfully the truth has been driven home that we must sink or stay afloat together. This increasing world consciousness cannot fail, in the long run, to be of value socially.

While I am the last one to suggest that quantity alone in peace propaganda is of serious consequence, not to be dismissed from all consideration is the existence of more than four hundred national organizations working avowedly for peace, throughout the world. When contrasted with the number striving toward the same end fifty years ago, one is less inclined to despair of psychological disarmament. The working masses throughout the world are today impregnated with a distaste for war, which, at the very least, renders them somewhat less amenable to superficial propaganda on behalf of conflict.

But how vastly must we still change present outlooks if we are to bring about a real disarmament! An appeal recently was sent to every Protestant synod and church body of authority in France, asking that they go on record in favor of disarmament in order to influence the Disarmament Conference; without exception, these church bodies failed to reply or else declined on the ground that it was not the church's business to "interfere in politics." But among the women of France, Italy, Poland, and other nations apparently more warlike than the average, there is a growing anti-war opinion, and the same is true of organized labor and, happily, of many church communions.

To be sure, special situations have only increased warlike passions. "I fired into the air during the World War," said a German not long ago in Berlin; "I had no hatred of the French, and I made up my mind that for me there would be no killing. But now? If I were in the same circumstances, this time there would be no firing into the air!" And yet the great, overpowering desire of the German *volk* for peace is still the most conspicuous thing one runs into, all the bitterness and fascist tendencies notwithstanding. It is basically the same in other countries. The people want no war. They are simply incapable of understanding the titanic forces that are driving on to precipitate the very thing they dread.

4. *Economic disarmament.* Time was when it might have mattered little to a Finnish taxi-driver how much gold was dredged up daily by an African miner. Today, it is a prime factor in the waging of economic warfare. And economic warfare, make no mistake, is being waged today the world around.

Without going into conflicting theories of technical economics, certain things that lie deeply at the root of our whole approach to peace bear watching. Gold production has dropped sharply in recent years. Lord Brabourne, chairman of Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, has predicted that the total amount of new gold available each year, which is now about $415,000,000, will drop in the next decade to some $270,000,000, and in fifteen years will get down to $50,000,000. This not only means that those in charge of that gold wield a tremendously augmented power over the rest of humanity; but it also means that the whole structure of international finance will be disturbed. The departure of Great Britain from the gold standard is an example of what can happen when gold is drained away, France having accumulated a hoard of almost a third of the world's available gold reserves and the United States about half.

Why, however, did this startling situation arise? Chiefly, simply because both France and the United States, being high tariff countries, and by the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act the United States being the highest tariff country in the world, debtor countries could not pay us in goods and had to pay us in gold. Thus the policy of economic warfare as evidenced in tariffs, was a formidable obstacle to the post-war economic recovery. It not only is now a serious matter affecting peace because it has turned world opinion strongly against the United States, but because France has yielded to the voice of her cynical politicians and has been using her gold reserves to wrest political concessions from her adversaries and to buy the fancied loyalty of Hungary. And instead of learning the lesson that a tariff race can only lead to economic disaster, threatening eventual war if carried on unchecked, the nations of the whole world are involved in a scramble to impose new or higher tariffs. This can only be likened to a man attempting to extinguish a burning house by throwing gasoline upon it.

The World Economic Conference of 1927, which was made up not of visionaries but of hard-headed business men and economists, recommended freer intercourse of goods, and specifically urged tariff reductions. With what result? The entire trend of tariffs since those words of sanity were uttered, has been in the upward direction. Practically no reductions were made anywhere, while increases were made all through the world, culminating with the action of the United States in going farthest of all. The Tariff Truce Conference of 1930 struggled vainly to make some impression on economic nationalism, but finally collapsed ingloriously in 1931. And when England's departure from the gold standard started fears in other countries that the depreciation of the pound would send orders toward England, the way in which our economic order is run, in utter defiance of ethics and international considerations, was fairly well summed up by the conservative *Daily Telegraph* (London) in an effort to show what is called "the other side" of the current difficulties:

> Italy is alarmed at the likelihood of excessive imports of British coal; and in Germany a demand has even been made

for a complete ban. France fears that our increased competition will adversely affect her own export trade to other countries. Lancashire is looking forward to dumping cotton goods in the U. S. A.!

No blame should be attached to such exhibitions of economic nationalism so long as it is a universal practice. But we shall hardly win a peaceable world while society is satisfied to rest with such a means of handling the commodities required to sustain the human family. You cannot let loose on the world the employment of economic advantage for nationalistic ends without reaping dire consequences soon or late. It is high time that we brought the entire economic structure under the closest ethical scrutiny to see exactly how far it is a cause of international strife, and to proceed as rapidly as we may to economic disarmament.

5. *Disarmament of Man Power.* With many people of positive anti-war convictions, war resistance is a provocative subject. I argue here not for agreement or to state a thesis; rather, to report a significant trend, regard it how the reader may. A hundred years ago, the job of peace workers was to persuade men to relinquish war as a first resort. In our generation, the job is to persuade them to give it up as a last resort. It is probably fair to say that the striking degree to which great masses of people, individually and by organized groups, have voluntarily stated in public their dissociation from any future war, has been inadequately realized.

Sufficient space to chronicle the advance toward so drastic a point of view could not be found in a single article. But consider the following summary of what has been happening in recent years.

After the War, the radical war resisters of the world were in some measure brought together in the War Resisters' International. Today this organization contains some forty-one separate groups in twenty-two countries. That the movement is not merely a paper crusade is attested by the presence of delegates from twenty of the twenty-two countries in the last international conference held this summer at Lyons, France. While many of the groups are small, others are able to count dues-paying members of six and seven thousand, while they exert of course an influence far beyond this sort of membership. Nearly twenty war resistance periodicals exist in various countries, some of them with really substantial circulations. Correspondence at headquarters is regularly carried on in fourteen languages. It is a far cry from this kind of work and outlook back to the days when a little handful of war opponents stood like martyrs for principle, often winning personal respect but never being considered as of sufficient strength to affect current events.

In the great labor conference of the International Federation of Trade Unions at The Hague in 1922 a resolution was adopted favoring a huge strike to prevent war between nations. This decision was reaffirmed in 1924. British Labor's Margate Conference of 1926 voted a refusal to manufacture or transport war munitions or to bear arms, if an international conflict should break out. A million and a half miners through their delegates to the International Miners' Conference at Geneva in 1920 came out definitely for war resistance. The International Trade Union Congress at Rome in 1922 took the same stand, arousing no dissent among the 24,000,000 workers represented. At Vienna in 1924, a million and a half members of the International Textile Workers were similarly put on record. The German Trade Union Congress at Breslau, representing 800,000 workers, also came out for war resistance. The British Co-operative Congress at Belfast, involving a membership of 5,000,000 did the same. Resolutions of equal strength have been adopted by the Independent Labor Party in Great Britain, the Australian Labor Party, and, in so far as nations go to war without first trying arbitration, by the tremendously large Labor and Socialist International. Less thorough-going but still very significant resolutions against participation in war under certain circumstances have been passed by the Twenty-third International Peace Congress at Berlin in 1924 and 1926 and by the French National Peace Congress at Valence in 1926.

Lord Ponsonby's famous peace letter, carrying signatures of 130,000 people refusing to participate in another international war is not yet forgotten in England, where it would today be possible, if there were funds and organization to reach every corner of the country, to repeat the same drastic letter with a million signers. The trend toward war resistance revealed among the clergy of the United States has its counterpart in Britain, and while momentum has been gathering more slowly elsewhere, gains are constant except, perhaps, in Germany, whose pacifist movement expanded too suddenly and unsoundly to withstand the terrific pressure of the post-war policies in France.

The warmest partisan for these measures could not contend that resolutions of themselves will prevail forever, or that defections would not be numerous in a crisis. On the other hand, the hardest cynic could not deny that the growth of so intense a conviction, in the face of the unpopularity and frequent suffering entailed in many countries, is of great social consequence.

There was not agreement, but nevertheless profound respect, in the mind of Dr. Hans Wehberg, the distinguished authority on international law, when he remarked a few years ago:

> Outside the Peace Movement, the idea of war resistance has made astonishing progress. As an impartial observer who still has many an objection against the form of war resisters' propaganda made in peace circles, I have to admit, this Movement is on the way and seems likely to conquer the world sooner or later. Woe to the Governments, woe to the representatives of international law, should they continue to withhold their sympathy from this Movement.

It is a well-known fact that behind the program of refusal to serve in war there stand not only Orientals like Mahatma Gandhi but such Western intellectuals as Romain Rolland, Einstein and H. G. Wells, along with an increasing number in Holland, Scandinavia, Belgium, France, England, and America. To claim too much for the influence of such a company would be folly; equal folly would it be however, not to recognize its obviously growing power.

To sum up, mere disarmament of combat weapons, while demanded if we are to move ahead, is only after all a portion of the changes needed to secure world peace. Inextricably bound up in the peace process are the achievement of peaceful law, peaceful political aims, peaceful mentalities, an economics of peace, and, as a final crisis-guarantee of peace, the withdrawal of man-power from the war procedure.

These are staggering demands. But is there any reason why men and women of good will, dedicated to the production of a world in accord with Christly

teachings, should falter or hold back, when they have already known what it is to sacrifice and labor for the cause of war? Our danger, I am convinced, comes not so much from unwillingness or lack of courage, as from a fatal tendency to meet the challenge of war with far too simple, far too easy, far too ineffective nostrums.

DEVERE ALLEN.

Swan Song

"The picture—a memory of light treasured by the shadows. . . ."

Do you know, I think this single terse phrase of Sir Rabindranath Tagore combines all the accumulated philosophy, all the clear, discerning observation it is given to a man to understand of life and of living.

"The picture—a memory of light treasured by the shadows. . . ."

One closes one's eyes and into his memory crowd all the thousand sensations, impressions, associations which have made up his world of consciousness. High-lights . . . and shadows; scintillating, impelling companionships . . . and stark tragedy; joyously inspirational love . . . and the crushing, ironic paradox of death; mountain-tops of unselfish devotion . . . crumbling into the abyss of fear, distrust, envy. Each the complement of the other—the eternal law of contrast stamping the image of one upon our consciousness through the very presence of the other. Aghast, one stands aside and views the whole of life as a slow, painfully dreary ascension of the heights, one clear, far-flung gesture of victory—a moment when the ultimate goal stands clean-cut and definite against the horizon of the future . . . then the crash into the depths. Failures from which some of us never recover. Some of us, you see, never quite succeed in scaling the heights again. . . .

* * *

"The picture—a memory of light treasured by the shadows. . . ."

Singular, isn't it, that Tagore—even in the phrasing of the thought—should have so subtly implied that highlights have no value in themselves, and can be measured only in terms of contrasting depths? *Treasured* by the shadows—guarded, preserved, *integrated* in terms of shadow, that is.

In my room there once hung two pictures. One was a light wash done in water colors. A conventional little picture, it was, and it possessed a certain warmth and intimacy something like a friendly, well-caked pipe. There was a restful lack of depth about it; one's eye never strained to read in it a meaning or a purpose. Just a stretch of sand, a bit of sea and sky. One came in, glanced at it in passing, and went about one's business.

The other showed a small clearing in a dense forest. Winter, and the bluish cast of drifting snow recently swirled about a single protruding edge of rock. Bright sunlight streaking down into the clearing through a rift in the sullen overhanging clouds, outlining the little patch of snow-drift in stark relief against the somber depths of the forest. The whole a chill, almost disconcerting study in lights and shadows. One couldn't gaze for long at the thing without trying to penetrate the fastness behind the forest glade. Darkness and deep shadow hold a certain repellent lure tinged with fear. One never glanced at this picture . . . in passing.

* * *

I once knew a young artist—a sculptor. Although those things he did on commission were brilliantly executed, and he had already made something of a name for himself, the odd little groups he occasionally did in clay—more for his own amusement than anything else—possessed more of his intimate genius, were more a *part* of him actually, than the conventional bronzes by which the rest of the world knows him. Those little clay figures—slender, infinitely graceful nudes, the most of them—were so beautiful they hurt. He seemed to pour into their limbs something of the searching in his own heart for the beauty which just evades the true artist, and makes of a sculptored figure a symbol of his untiring quest for truth, and not the mere photographic likeness of a human body.

I was with him one evening alone; somehow our conversation veered to this symbolic interpretation of posture and form in sculpture. As we smoked his fingers were working restlessly with a bit of fresh clay, and gradually there was formed the tiny figure of a woman, exquisitely perfect in modelling, standing on tip-toe, arms raised before her, her head held high. There was about it an indescribable attitude of yearning, of reaching for something unattainable; one instinctively pictured her as longing for the stars, the moon, the rainbow. . . . The little figure seemed synonymous with an unsatisfied longing for complete expression; to me it was sheer beauty. My friend gazed at it a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "You see? And *they'd* make of it the base for a library lamp, or a damned paper-weight. . . ." He crushed the wet clay into a shapeless mass with exaggerated calm, and turning toward his stand, indicated the preliminary casting of a full-length statue of the late Senator ———. "But they're paying me real money to put *that* in the city park of Marionville, Ohio. Sure it's a remarkable likeness . . . but what's a *likeness?* Hell . . ."

High-lights . . . and shadows. . . .

* * *

Two youngsters loved; their days were filled with each other. It seemed that no clouds could come to mar their happiness. They had an almost child-like faith in the ultimate attainment of each other, and of infinite joy and success. He was a brilliant student, fond of the arts, literature, fine music. She was beautiful, cultured to the finger-tips, the finished product of one of the finest conservatories on the Continent, temperamental as all artists are, yet passionately in love with him . . . and he with her.

They married, lived with each other for two delirious years . . . then subtly lost sight of their goal

together, quarrelled, grew bitterly resentful, each of the other . . . and after another year filled with morbid fear and suppressed hatred—the agony of outward intimacy and utter inward remoteness—separated . . . permanently. They have never seen each other since.

Oddly enough, she was never dearer to him than after he had lost her . . . and she still cares far more than she is willing to admit. There was a dreadful finality about their separation though, and each knows that an attempt to pick up the threads again can only result in greater unhappiness, a repetition of all the bitterness and pain.

An unusual case, you will say. Not at all; they were honest enough to face squarely what most of us would have tried to evade. And evasion is never the answer. Who knows, perhaps the very shadowy depths into which they fell served to give them a subtle appreciation of the high-lights in a life together which was infinitely perfect . . . while it lasted.

* * *

"The picture—a memory of light treasured by the shadows. . . ."

A philosophy . . . and an explanation, I think, of much in life that troubles men. A masterful evaluation of the worth of joy . . . and sorrow. A revelation of the unity and purpose back of every life; an interpretation which runs through the art of living like a clear thread tieing together all events in their proper sequence . . . like the strain of melody which gives meaning to the concerto, revealing in their proper light all the otherwise meaningless surge and clash of harmony. A religion . . . almost a cosmic law. An answer hurled back into the teeth of the gods. . . .

Lights, you see . . . and shadows. . . .

GEORGE H. YOUNG

The Study Table

New Books

Charles R. Stockard is Professor of Anatomy and Director of the Anatomical Laboratories and the Experimental Morphological Farm of the Cornell University Medical College. It is the last of these connections that has supplied most of the novel and original material for his book, "The Physical Basis of Personality."[1] The matter of this book was first presented in a series of lectures at Stanford University; it has now been rewritten and rearranged for a more general audience. Much of the material is recent, some of it has never before been published. It is largely drawn from the investigations pursued at the Morphological Farm, "the first of its kind to be established." No two persons are precisely alike; even similar twins differ in an enormous number of differences. Stockard emphasizes the necessity of such differences. What a person is to be depends upon an immense number of factors. The matter is for the most part determined in embryonic, pre-natal, life. The developing individual is exposed to countless dangers, is subjected to many influences. Among the many, four particularly are important—oxygen from the air, temperature of a narrow range, water and foodstuff. These operate constantly from the moment when the sperm cell and the ovum unite. The author first briefly presents the facts of embryonic development and inheritance. Personality depends first and fundamentally upon the *genes*. Inheritance and environment both have their part. The combination of sperm and ovum give the starting point; thereafter environment is constantly operative. The embryo at every stage in its development depends upon the favorable or unfavorable action of the four factors mentioned (and others). A lack of oxygen will affect the result; if the temperature is unfavorable, the fact shows itself. Under-development, over-development, monstrosities, are possible. The exact moment of unfavorable condition is significant; what may be effective at one time may have no serious effect later. Happy indeed is the individual who reaches the moment of birth fairly normal. Even after one is born he is still subject to influences both from without and within. While the external environment still has an influence, the ductless glands continue to act from within to the end of life. The investigations at the Morphological Farm have been largely upon dogs, and from his dogs our author draws interesting conclusions regarding men. Dogs show individuality, personality, to an extreme degree. The differences between the bull-dog and the mastiff, anatomical and physiological are much like those between the big-headed dwarf and the giant. These extreme types are differences in development due to definite causes. Stockard believes the same causes have produced similar results in both man and dog. He raises the question of *types* among men and decides that there are two—the linear or long-headed type and the lateral or wide-headed type. This is somewhat disappointing and unsatisfactory. We are glad that he has avoided the common tendency to recognize *three* groups, which is now so common, regardless of the material to be classified. Authors who give weight to endocrine glands, and Stockard of course does, have usually come back to the old pre-scientific recognition of four "temperaments" (which show themselves in the physique) though they avoid or despise the old nomenclature or terminology. Stockard's book deserves a careful reading. It is an up-to-date presentation of important investigations.

A book that went through eight printings in six months must have some quality. "The Good Earth"[2] did that and *has* quality. It has attained to the "book-a-month selection." That does not necessarily mean much. Mrs. Buck "has always lived in China except for the time she spent in the United States when she was being educated. She studied at Randolph-Macon College and at Cornell University. She has taught at the University of Nanking and at the Government University in Nanking under two national regimes. She now lives in Nanking." All of which might be true without qualifying her to write a real book. But she has written a real book, a book that throbs and quivers with life. It is China, the true China—and the story is told so simply, so vividly, that it moves one deeply. It is the story of a real man in real life. It shows the love of the peasant for his land, his feeling that he himself is of the land, that he is rooted in the

1. "The Physical Basis of Personality." Charles R. Stockard. New York: 1931. W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 8vo. pp. xviii. 19-320. Price, $4.00.

2. "The Good Earth." Pearl S. Buck. New York: 1931. John Day Co., Inc. 16 mo. pp. 375. Price, $2.50.

soil, that he is nothing without the good earth—the basal fact in China through the milleniums. It traces the career of a peasant, Wang Lung from his marriage-day to his death. It is astonishing that an American woman could thus understand and interpret a Chinese man's life. For it is psychology and sociology of the truest and most intimate sort. The stolid, persistent, plodding to get ahead is shown. The life of the toiler; the relation of sexes; the hard, yet tender, phases of character; slavery and its influence; the special marital relations of China, with its conclusions, and its old-age flickerings of lust; these are all probed and brought out in the truest fashion. After reading "The Good Earth," one understands better and appreciates more fully the meaning of the recurring, inevitable famines which desolate immense areas, involve death on a prodigious scale, and drive millions in long lines of starving men, women and children to some happier district where life can be eked out until better days permit return to the old farm. There are places in the story where one feels that the author slips a cog but these are all trivial and unimportant and in no wise affect results. The things that appear most unlikely in it come absolutely within the truth. The looting in the southern city, the unmasking of the bandit chief uncle, these to some readers will seem forced and unnatural but they are of the very essence of reality. The book is so good that one marvels at its popularity. Think of the Book-a-month Club finding such a treasure! It is a masterpiece of delineation of character, in a group of individuals—all in the family, for it hardly goes outside—which will make its strongest appeal to those who know China best.

The little volume of "Philippine Short Stories"[3] deserves especial attention as being the first book of its kind. The writers are all Filipinos, who are expressing themselves, not through the medium of their native languages, but in a foreign tongue, English. There is in reality a considerable literature—fiction, poetry, history, etc.—in Tagalog, Visayan, and other of the Island languages, a literature of good quality and widely read. But a collection of short stories, written by Filipinos in English constitutes, as the publishers claim, "a landmark in Philippine literature." The stories have been selected and edited by José Garcia Villa, himself a writer of short stories. All appeared during the year 1928, in a variety of newspapers and magazines. They have been selected from about 600 that appeared during that time. They represent seventeen authors, male and female. In making his selection, the editor demanded a standard of form and of substance. Each story had to meet both requirements. Mr. Garcia Villa claims that "the majority are stories of greatest distinction, uniting genuine substances and artistic form into a beautiful finished whole." In his arrangement, he places the three stories which he considers best at the beginning in the order of merit; the other twenty-three follow in the alphabetical order of the writers' names. The publishers have added one other, which received a prize from the *Tribune,* as the best story of the year. The book is well worth while. It should stimulate Filipino writers to perfect themselves in the art; it gives outsiders an opportunity to judge of the talent and ability of Filipinos in the field of literature. It is a talent and ability amply represented in vernacular writings: here it can be enjoyed and appreciated by ourselves. It is no mean achievement, this mastery of a foreign tongue to adequacy of expression.

Less interesting because prepared by outsiders for didactic ends, but still of value and for similar reasons, is the little book, "Philippine Prose and Poetry: Selections."[4] It is intended for use in the schools and is issued by the Bureau of Education. The first edition was published in 1927; there is now a revised edition of 1929. It includes four classes of material—*biography, short stories, essays, poetry.* Of the four short stories here given two are by authors represented in the other collection, one of them by Loreto Paras, of whom four stories are included in the Garcia Villa book.

We lately called attention to Miss Stutsman's "Mental Measurement of Pre-school Children,"[5] an exceptionally satisfactory book which well covers its field. We gave it, and it deserved, high praise. Almost before the ink of her book is dry, we have a further discussion of the subject. Its author, Ruth Ellen Atkins, starts by grouping pre-school intelligence tests under three headings: 1. verbal tests, such as the Binet; 2. performance tests, which assume a certain comprehension of spoken English; 3. non-language tests. It is to the last of these that weight is given and it is only these that can be given to *all* little children. For there are three groups of children who are handicapped in tests that are verbal or which demand a knowledge of spoken English—the deaf child, the child from a foreign non-English-speaking home, and the normal child who is slow in language development. These are heavily penalized by the existing tests. Dr. Atkins makes an exhaustive examination of the criteria of a good test for young children and enumerates ten. To meet these criteria, Miss Atkins has devised a test consisting of "22 small objects familiar to every child and 15 *papier-mache* blocks with depressions into which certain of these objects are to be fitted." It is only fair to Dr. Stutsman to say that object-fitting tests were not entirely omitted by her, but it is also true that this new test is desirable to meet the specific cases above mentioned. Of course the test is not supposed to be applied only to such defective or disadvantaged children. It is intended for all and is a fairer test for all than any of those that depend upon a knowledge of English. Miss Atkins is a Ph.D. and her study and experimentation has been done in connection with the University of Minnesota.

FREDERICK STARR

3. "Philippine Short Stories: Best 25 Stories of 1928." Selected by José Garcia Villa. Manila: 1929. Philippine Free Press. 16 mo. pp. 200. Price, $1.00.

4. "Philippine Prose and Poetry Selections." Manila: 1929. Bureau of Education. 16 mo. pp. 167.

5. "The Measurement of the Intelligence of Young Children by an Object-Fitting Test." Ruth Ellen Atkins. Minneapolis: 1931. The University of Minnesota Press. 8 vo. pp. xii. 89. Price, $1.50.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 82)

Churches was most cordially and heartily—and I might say with spontaneous enthusiasm—invited to hold its meeting in Chicago next November. The local Community hopes to do its share of the financing, gathering together the people, and creating the necessary enthusiasm for this important mission which spells a challenge to mankind. You may count upon the full cooperation of the leading citizens of Chicago toward making the meeting for purposes of peace and goodwill, a moral and spiritual success."—Rabbi Louis L. Mann.

"At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the City Club of Chicago, it was moved, seconded and unanimously carried, that your request, on behalf of the World Alliance for International Friendship for the support of the City Club and for the use of the name of the City Club to supplement invitations for a certain meeting to be called by said Alliance, be granted."—City Club of Chicago.

The Basis of Invitation

The Executive Committee and officers of the American Council of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches take pleasure in issuing this Preliminary Announcement of the Sixteenth Annual Meeting. The City of Chicago, through her most representative and honored citizens and under the leadership of Mr. Clifford W. Barnes, is giving enthusiastic cooperation in all arrangements.

A cordial invitation to attend and participate is extended to:

1. Officers, members of Boards, Members (corresponding and regular) and all committeemen of the World Alliance.
2. Officers and members of kindred organizations working in this field.
3. Representatives of Church Boards and religious organizations.
4. Representatives of civic, social and fraternal organizations, which have special interest in the themes under discussion.
5. Special individuals who are of strategic importance in carrying out the Alliance programme.

All Members are entitled to vote.

The Programme

The week prior to the Convention in Chicago will be the occasion of visiting speakers taking the messages of the Congress to churches, service clubs, high schools, colleges, women's clubs and fraternal organizations.

Among those who will deliver interpretative and inspirational messages on the programme, or conduct Round Table Conferences, are the following:

Major General John F. O'Ryan, Chairman of the Programme Committee.

Hon. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Department of the Interior, Washington. Banquet speaker.

His Excellency, Herr Friedrich W. Von Prittwitz, Ambassador of Germany, Washington. To give closing address at 11 o'clock on November 12th.

Senator Thomas J. Walsh, Washington.

Justice Florence E. Allen of Ohio. To speak at Mass Meeting, November 11th.

Canon T. Guy Rogers, Rector of the Cathedral of Birmingham, England. To preach the sermon at 11 o'clock on November 10th and to present greetings at the banquet on the evening of the 10th.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York. To speak at Mass Meeting, Armistice Night.

Hon. Ruth Bryan Owen of Florida. Banquet speaker.

Professor Parker T. Moon of Columbia University. Will conduct one of the Student Conference Round Tables and present report at the general session.

Dr. Frederick B. Fisher of Ann Arbor, Mich. To speak upon India and world conditions.

Dr. S. Parks Cadman of Brooklyn, N. Y. To make the President's address at 10 A. M., November 10th.

Dr. John Haynes Holmes, New York City.

World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches
National Headquarters,
70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Platform of Chicago Workers' Committee on Unemployment

We demand of our constituted leaders, beginning with the mayor of the City of Chicago:

A. I. Adequate immediate relief for unemployed breadwinners and their families who are willing to work and unable to find work. This means:

1. A decent place to live for unemployed families. No evictions without previous notice being given the local accredited public or private relief agency, this agency to provide rent or another dwelling.

2. Sufficient food on a balanced diet to provide for health, the minimum to be taken from the norm set by the Council of Social Agencies.

3. The means of preparing such food. No gas, water, or electricity to be cut off without due notice being given the local accredited public or private relief agency, and time given this agency to make provision for these essentials.

4. A decent place to sleep and suitable food for every unattached man or woman willing to work but unable to find work.

5. Clothing for comfort and decency.

6. Adequate medical and hospital care.

II. Security for personal property and homesteads of unemployed workers whose resources are exhausted.

This means a moratorium on taxes, mortgages, and liens on essential furniture until employment is found.

B. To meet these elemental needs and to provide increased employment we urge:

I. **Increased public funds.** This is not only a situation calling for increased private charity, but one involving a social responsibility which should be laid democratically upon the whole possessing populace in accordance with their ability to share.

To this end we ask:

1. A special session of the state legislature to be called immediately to provide additional state funds.

2. A special session of congress to authorize an Emergency Unemployment Bond Issue to be used partly to supplement state funds in direct aid of the unemployed and partly for the immediate initiation of public works.

II. **The construction without delay of all possible public works.**

1. Work on forest preserves, parks, streets and highways for which plans have been perfected and for much of which funds are already in hand.

2. Elimination of all red tape and prosecution of public works for which plans have been made but for which funds have not yet been made available.

3. Immediate prosecution of such Federal public works as the new post-office.

III. **Construction of Houses for Workers.** The city to take the lead in tearing down thousands of dwellings unfit for human habitation and replacing them with modern apartments to rent to workers for seven or eight dollars per room. Amend the state laws immediately to make such building possible.

IV. **Extension and improvement of the State Employment Bureau** so that all industries of the city will clear through such a bureau and thus do away with fruitless tramping of the streets in search of work.

V. **No discrimination as to race or color** when workers are employed, laid off, or discharged; city, county and state work to be prorated among the various racial groups of our population in general accordance with their numerical strength.

VI. **The institution of the five day week** and such reduction of the working hours per day as may be necessary to give employment to the unemployed without decrease in the rates of pay.

VII. **The assurance to those now employed of steady employment** so as to remove the widespread fear among the workers of losing their jobs, and thus release more money for purchases.

VIII. **Enactment of State Unemployment Insurance** measures now in order to be able to meet the next depression adequately and with self-respect.

C. Realizing that such a critical state of unemployment is a constantly recurring factor in the present industrial order, we propose to work toward a planned economic order in which social security and the right to work shall be placed above the rights of private profit in industry and agriculture.

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